

The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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WHOLE NO. 152.

The Poet's Corner.

THE PRAYER-SEEKER.

Along the aisle where prayer was made
A woman, all in black arrayed,
Close-velled, between the kneeling host,
With gliding motion of a ghost,
Passed to the desk and laid thereon
A scroll which bore these words alone—
Pray for me!

Back from the place of worshiping
She glided like a guilty thing;
The rustle of her draperies, stirred
By hurrying feet, alone was heard;
While, full of awe, the preacher read,
As out into the dark she sped:
"Pray for me!"

Back to the night from whence she came,
To unimagined grief or shame!
Across the threshold of that door
None knew the burden she bore;
Alone she left the written scroll,
The legend of a troubled soul—
Pray for me!

Glide on, poor ghost of woe or sin!
Thou leav'st a common need within;
Each bears, like thee, some nameless weight,
Some misery inarticulate,
Some secret sin, some shrouded dread,
Some household sorrow all unsaid.
Pray for us!

Pass on! The type of all thou art,
Sad witness to the common heart!
With face in veil and seal on lip,
In mute and strange companionship,
Like thee we wander to and fro,
Dumbly imploring as we go:
Pray for us!

Ah, who shall pray, since he who pleads
Our want perchance hath greater needs?
Yet they who make their loss the gain
Of others, shall not ask in vain,
And heaven bends low to hear the prayer
Of love from lips of self-despair:
Pray for us!

In vain remorse and fear and hate
Beat with bruised hands against a fate,
Whose walls of iron only move,
And open to the touch of love.
He only feels his burden fall
Who, taught by suffering, pities all.
Pray for us!

He prayeth best who leaves unguessed
The mystery of another's breast.
Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes o'erflow,
Or heads are white, thou need'st not know,
Enough to note by many a sign
That every heart hath needs like thine.
Pray for us!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Apple-seeds cost ten dollars a ton, but THE REVOLUTION—which contains as many seeds of good as the original apple did of evil—costs only two dollars for a year's subscription.

—The story of "Man and Wife" is founded on the case of "Yelverton versus Yelverton," which was tried in England some years ago, and most of the facts stated there are things that really occurred.

Our Special Contributors.

THOUGHTS OF MARGARET FULLER.

BY RACHEL RAY.

The later developments of the woman question have brought into our ranks many women who had previously won triumphs in the field of pure literature. Nearly a quarter of a century was allowed to elapse before the noble example of Margaret Fuller was followed to any very noticeable degree by the women of pen-craft, her sisters in the literary field. Now, the majority of women writers who do not print their views upon the subject, or enlighten lyceum audiences through the medium of lectures, are more or less in sympathy with the cause. Some, who are not yet brave enough to avow themselves reformers, and accept the odium which still attaches to outspoken advocacy, mask their opinions, and only give them to the world through peep-holes. Others deal with the question in a serio-comic strain. Others, like Gail Hamilton, do not lay the chief stress upon suffrage, but do yeoman's service in claiming every other right and privilege. Others, like Mrs. Stowe, are imperfect sympathizers—more for us, perhaps, than against us—freezing and thawing, according to the mood of the movement.

Among those women belonging to literature, whose pure devotion to principle early brought them into sympathy with the movement, reverent mention must be made of Lydia Maria Child and Mrs. Follen—a name not so well known as it deserves to be—a thoroughly sweet and lovely woman, whose power of charming and influencing minds, all who enjoyed her acquaintance enthusiastically affirm. Still I cannot refrain from placing Margaret Fuller as the leader of this band of female writers, both because her views so far outran the day in which she lived and wrote, and because she saw with such clearness of vision the various phases through which the great reform was destined to pass.

In a certain sense, Margaret Fuller, was the prototype and creation of the great reform movement. By the vigor of her genius she emancipated herself from all the conventional modes of thinking and judging by which women are fettered, without injuring her influence by any wild or erratic tendencies. Her views are sound and practical, based on a deep and sometimes poetic insight of the laws which govern human nature. She marched on proudly and bold, never stopping short in her claims for the most absolute rights for which the women of our own day are asking. Her thought advanced freely along the track, and followed every truth out to its ultimate results. Our advance up to this moment has furnished no bolder thinker than Margaret Fuller. As a writer she was unequal, and oftentimes unsatisfactory. As a talker, she had no peer. If we could have had preserved to us all that Mar-

garet said upon these subjects so near her heart, a treasure-house of ideas would have been laid open for our inspection. There are passages illumined by gems scattered all through the pages she wrote; and some of these I propose to gather up and lay before the readers of THE REVOLUTION, that they may see how noble was the growth and development of the mind of her who still perhaps deserves to rank as the foremost woman of genius that America has produced.

She tells us that when she wrote "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," she was just at the zenith of her career. "I stand," she says, "in the sunny noon of life. Objects no longer glitter in the dews of morning; neither are yet softened by the shadows of evening. Climbing the dusty hill, some fair effigies that once stood for symbols of human destiny have been broken; those I still have with me show defects in this broad light. Yet enough is left, even by experience, to point distinctly to the glories of that destiny—faint, but not to be mistaken streaks of the future day."

Here we have broad noonday thoughts free from the illusions of youth or the conservatism of age. How fine is this which follows as a motto for those who strive to live upwards towards a high ideal. "Always the soul says to us all, cherish your best hopes as a faith, and abide by them in action."

To the objectors who cry out concerning the dangers of enlarging woman's privileges with too much haste she says: "Were this freedom to come suddenly, I have no fear of the consequences. Individuals might commit excesses; but there is not only in the sex a reverence for decorums and limits inherited and enhanced, from generation to generation, which many years of other life could not efface; but a native love in woman as woman, of proportion, of 'the simple art of not too much,' a Greek moderation which would create immediately a restraining party—the natural legislators and instructors of the rest—and would gradually establish such rules as are needed to guard, without impeding life."

When asked what position women may fill, she answers, "Let them be sea captains, if you will. I do not doubt there are women well fitted for such an office, and if so, I should be as glad to see them in it as to welcome the maid of Saragossa, or the maid of Messolonghi, or the Suliote heroine, or Emily Plater."

In opposition to the idea that society is going to suffer any great overthrow, she says: "I have no doubt that a large proportion of women would give themselves to the same employments as now. Mothers will delight to make the nest soft and warm. Nature would take care of that; no need to clip the wings of any bird that wants to soar and sing, or finds in itself the strength of pinion for a migratory flight unusual to its kind. The difference would be that all need not be constrained to employment for which some are unfit."

No better argument than the following was

ever urged in regard to the necessity for woman's independence: "I have urged on woman independence of man; not that I do not think the sexes mutually needed by one another, but because, in woman, this fact has led to an excessive devotion which has cooled love, degraded marriage, and prevented either sex from being what it should be to itself or the other."

Her appeal to American women to use influence against the crime of annexing Texas is as noble in its way as Mrs. Howe's protest against war, and almost identical in sentiment and language: "Tell them," she says, "that the heart of woman demands nobleness and honor in men, and that if they have not purity, have not mercy, they are no longer fathers, lovers, husbands, sons of theirs!"

Here is an illustration of the deterioration woman suffer in boarding-houses: "A profligate woman who left her accustomed haunts, and took service in a New York boarding-house, said 'she had never heard talk so vile at the Five Points as from the ladies of the boarding-house.' And why? Because they were idle; because, having nothing to engage them, they dwell with unnatural curiosity on the ill they dared not go to see."

The following is a beautiful sentiment, which, if practically believed in, ought to take all stigma from age: "It is time, indeed, that men and women both should cease to grow old in any other way than as the tree does, full of grace and honor."

Speaking of Miss Martineau and Miss Barrett, (afterwards Mrs. Browning,) she says: "These persons need not health or youth or the charms of personal presence to make their thoughts available. A few more such, and 'old woman' shall not be the synonym for imbecility, nor 'old maid' a term of contempt, nor woman be spoken of as a reed shaken by the wind."

These sentences, which follow, are as true as any that were ever written: "If women are to be bondmaids let it be to men superior to women in fortitude, in aspiration, in moral power, in refined sense of beauty. You who give yourselves 'to be supported,' or because one must 'love something' are they who make the lot of the sex such that mothers are sad when daughters are born?"

Here is an incident full of beautiful suggestiveness: "An Indian woman dreamt in youth that she was betrothed to the sun. She built her a wigwam apart, and filled it with emblems of her alliance and means of an independent life. There she passed her days, sustained by her own exertions and true to her supposed engagement." In any tribe, we believe a woman who lived as if she was betrothed to the sun would be tolerated, and the rays which made her youth blossom sweetly would crown her with a halo in age.

"I would have woman lay aside all thought such as she habitually cherishes of being taught and led by men. I would have her like the Indian girl, dedicate herself to the sun—the Sun of Truth—and go nowhere if his beams did not make clear the path. I would have her free from compromise, from complaisance, from helplessness, because I would have her good enough, and strong enough, to love all beings from the fullness, not from the poverty of her being."

Nothing, in the abstract, can make old maids contemptible but pettiness and folly.

"Perhaps the next generation, looking deeper into this matter, will find that contempt is put upon old maids or old women, if at all, merely because, they do not use the elixir which would always keep them young. Under its influence a gem brightens yearly, which is only seen to more advantage through the fissures time makes in the casket. No one thinks of Michael Angelo's Persian Sibyl, or St. Theresa, or Tasso's Leonora, or the Greek Electra, as an old maid, more than of Michael Angelo or Canova as old bachelors; though all had reached the period in life's course appointed to take that degree."

Some of the conjectures in the following paragraph have already been answered in the affirmative: "Whether much or little has been done, or will be done; whether women will add to the talent of narration the power of systematizing; whether they will carve marble as well as draw and paint, is not important. But that it should be acknowledged that they have intellect which needs developing; that they should not be considered complete, if beings of affection and habit, alone is important."

Showing how a great mind shed a glory upon the world, she says of Mme. De Staël's genius: "Its beams make the obscurest schoolhouse in New England warmer and lighter to the little rugged girls who are gathered together on its wooden bench. They may never through life hear her name; but she is not the less their benefactress."

Here is the law which she lays down for reformers: "Those who would reform the world, must show that they do not speak in the heat of wild impulse; their lives must be unstained by passionate error; they must be severe law-givers to themselves. They must be religious students of the divine purpose with regard to man, if they would not confound the fancies of a day with the requisitions of eternal good; their liberty must be the liberty of law and knowledge."

Here is the enunciation of sexless virtue, "The beauty of Cordelia is neither male nor female; it is the beauty of virtue."

"This land," she says, "must pay back its debt to woman, without whose aid it would not have been brought into alliance with the civilized world." An equivalent must be rendered to the sex for Isabella's jewels.

The following is a cure for the desire which so many women vainly express to be men: "Were they free, were they wise, fully to develop the strength and beauty of woman, they would never wish to be men or man-like. It is with the woman as with the slave; tremble not before the free man, but before the slave who has his chain to break."

Here we see what unrecognized and irresponsible influence leads to: "The English shop-keeper's wife does not vote; but it is for her interest that the politician canvasses by the coarsest flattery. France suffers no woman on her throne, but her proud nobles kiss the dust at the feet of Pompadour and Dubarry; for such flare in the lighted foreground where a Roland would modestly aid in the closet."

Never was the absolute freedom of souls more nobly set forth than in the following passage: "As the friend of the negro assumes that one man cannot by right hold another in bondage, so should the friend of woman assume that man cannot by right lay, even well

meant, restrictions on woman. "If the negro be a soul, if the woman be a soul, appareled in flesh to one master only, are they accountable? There is but one law for souls, and if there is to be an interpreter of it, he must come, not as man or son of man, but as Son of God."

Here is recognition of the fact, that the cause of woman has been evolved by the natural progress of liberty: "It should be remarked that as the principle of liberty is better understood and more nobly interpreted, a broader protest is made in behalf of woman. As men become aware that few men have had a chance, they are inclined to say that no women have ever had a fair chance."

Margaret Fuller deals with all the graver and more painful social problems, openly and courageously. She would, doubtless, have been grieved and shocked had she lived in our day to note the efforts which some reformers are now making to narrow the movement down to suffrage alone, when wrongs cry out from the very ground, so that we cannot close our ears.

She declares with boldness, that "where legislators admit that ten thousand prostitutes are a fair proportion to one city, and husbands tell their wives that it is folly to expect chastity from men, it is inevitable that there should be many monsters of vice."

This is the picture which she draws of English society: "In the country of Sidney and Milton, the metropolis is a den of wickedness, and a sty of sensuality. In the country of Lady Russell, the custom of English peeresses of selling their daughters to the highest bidder is made the theme and jest of fashionable novels by unthinking children, who would stare at the idea of sending them to a Turkish slave-dealer, though the circumstances of the bargain are less degrading, and it is not done in defiance of an acknowledged law of right in the land, and the age."

In the following passage she depicts the sin of defiled men: "Your forms degraded and your eyes clouded by secret sin; natural harmony broken and fineness of perception destroyed in your mental and bodily organization; God and love shut out from your hearts by the foul visitants you have permitted there; incapable of pure marriage; incapable of pure parentage; incapable of worship. O, wretched men, your sin is its own punishment! You have lost the world in losing yourselves."

Here is another picture of an opposite kind: "A man, himself of unbroken purity, reported to me the words of a foreign artist, that 'the world would never be better till men subjected themselves to the same laws they had imposed on women.'" The artist, he added, was true to his thought. The same was true of Canova; the same of Beethoven. "Like each other demi-god, they kept themselves free from stain."

Instances might be multiplied to demonstrate the depth and clearness of Margaret Fuller's moral vision; but I trust that such of her thoughts as have here been given will induce some who are not familiar with her invaluable works, to read and ponder them well, for they are pregnant with meaning, and full of beautiful suggestions.

Mr. Horace Greeley is a judge of newspapers, and he knows that *THE REVOLUTION* is worth more than its subscription price, which is only two dollars a year.

MEN IN WOMAN'S SPHERE.

BY HARRIET E. BROOKS.

The *Times* says that there are half a dozen dressmaking establishments in New York where the sewing upon dresses is almost entirely performed by men, although they are not visible to the ladies who call to give their orders. In the second story are big, bushy-headed Hungarians, Austrians, and Poles, sewing with great rapidity on fabrics of many hues and textures.

They earn, by the piece, from \$23 to \$32 per week, and as high as \$36 by working over hours at 25 cents per hour. The cutter is a man at \$25 per week.

They vary in age from 25 to 60, and have all served an apprenticeship in their several native countries.

In the same establishment are girls employed on machines, who earn from \$9 to \$12 per week.

Each bastes his dress and prepares it for fitting; and, when fitted, finishes it with rapidity at all points. Two dozen women are often found upon a dress, working piece-meal at its several parts. Women, from a want of training, are rarely perfect. Some excel in one or two departments, and are deficient in others. * * * The prices obtained by the men for making a dress vary with the material. A figured organdie was shown, finished in a day and a quarter, with hems, bands, trimming of waist and drapery, high in the neck.

"Men dressmakers," men millioners, men in the laundry, men in the cook-room, men everywhere! Really woman's sphere is getting narrow—too narrow even for old-time notions. In the nursery we have go-carts, baby-jumpers and cradles which, being wound up, rock themselves. And when the Celestials come to our aid as kitchen-boys and housekeepers, what then? There is but one thing left, maternity; and I verily believe, if it were in the range of possibilities that men would compass that also as a masculine privilege. Everything in the line of woman's labor that can be made to pay, men are crowding themselves into. Still every public journal tells us there are more women than men. A noted French writer says that the world is growing feminine; and, judging from the present peculiar adaptability of men to feminine employment, we should say that there is more truth than fancy in the assertion. If our progressive male members of society are really aspiring to become womanly in their employments, what shall we do? It is to be hoped that these "vexed questions" about woman's labor will some day work themselves clear, as also the muddled brains in the community in regard to them.

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

In a recent journey from Chicago to my home in New England, I stopped an hour and a half at a junction depot. I had sat some time so completely absorbed in my own thoughts, that of all the comers and goers none attracted my attention for a moment till a sallow, care-worn, plainly-dressed woman sat down by my side. She seemed distressed; and I expect I looked the sympathy I felt, for she turned to me with tears in her eyes and said, "It is hard to part with friends—so hard!"

Upon my expressing a hearty assent to this sentiment, she went on to tell me that her niece, who with her baby had been visiting her from Iowa, had just left in the cars for her far distant home. She told me how much attached she was to her niece, and how she had come to love "that dear baby," and now she feared she might never see them again. "Oh!" I said, "it is nothing to go to Iowa now. I have just returned from Chicago, and it seems a short journey. You must go and return her visit." She hesitated a moment and then said, "It is not the time it takes; it is the money;" and then in a broken voice she added, "it is hard for a woman who has worked as I have to have nothing to show for it." In answer to my questions, she then told me she had been married thirty-seven years, (was married at twenty,) and had worked all that time. "Not as women generally work," she said, "for I never shirked any kind of work. I have never been out of Massachusetts since I was married. I have done the house-work of a large farm (one hundred acres) and all the dairy work, besides going to market myself, five miles, with butter and cheese; and I never had any help except a young sister of mine, who staid only a few months. We have always had enough to eat and drink; but all the money my husband invests as fast as it comes in, and he grows more and more anxious to save every cent as he grows older."

"But why," I asked, "don't you take some of the butter and cheese money?" "I've tried that," said she with animation, "but he always finds it out."

"Now," said I, "my good woman you have a right to your share of that money, just as good a right as your husband has—you know you have—and you have something to do about it. It may be a great trial to move in this matter, but don't sit quietly under such treatment any longer. Tell him you will not submit to it. There are women all over the country working for women situated just as you are, and you must make an effort for yourselves. It is your duty to protest against such injustice. Tell your husband you are going West next summer, and that you *must*, and *will*, have the money, and *stick to it*." After a pause—"Sell one of the pigs," I suggested. (You should have seen her look of surprise, almost of horror.) "Yes," I said again, "*sell one of the pigs if necessary*." When you get home talk to all the married women, your neighbors, and tell them if they will try to help themselves in this matter, others will stand by them; and talk to all the young women, and tell them never to marry a man who will not agree to a just division of the property they may earn together." For answer, she was just beginning to tell me of her husband's absolute refusal to make a will, (they have no children,) when we were interrupted by the arrival of the train. I had only time to ask her name and address, when she passed into the car and secured her seat, and I lost sight of her. After a moment's delay, I too was in the car, and as I hurried to the only empty seat left, I felt my hand seized upon and kissed. I looked down upon that care-worn and faded face, so full of gratitude for sympathy as it was, and vowed then and there that I would do *something, any thing, all things*, for such poor, oppressed, household slaves whenever and wherever I should, have the opportunity.

ABOUT ROSE BUSHES.

BY FRISCELLA PRIMROSE.

"Dear me, Mrs. Primrose, how do you manage to have such nice rose bushes? ours are frightful. Don't you have any slugs?"

I told Miss Mary how I "manage," and I have no objection to tell you too, *REVOLUTION*, if you wish to know; for I have seen other gardens besides my pretty neighbor's that were rendered truly frightful by these skeletons at the feast of summer beauty.

I treat my roses precisely as Moses does his raspberries: cut out the old wood every year. I prune in July, after the roses are gone, and remove all weak and spindling shoots as well the last year's growth.

My bushes stand in a border where no grass is allowed to grow; the soil is stirred frequently about the roots, and soap-suds applied freely on wash-days.

Moses covets the suds for his young fruit-trees, and when there is any left after watering the roses, I let him have it, but he never gets the first suds. "No, Moses," I said, when he broached the subject, "so long as I do the washing I shall dispose of the suds." Charcoal, too, is excellent for roses, and I always give them a heavy mulch of it in the spring. There, *REVOLUTION*, that is the way I "manage" to have large rich-colored roses in June, and pretty green bushes all summer. My bushes don't know the meaning of the word slug, for there has never been one near them.

The rose-border may be kept gay all summer, if the bushes are set a few feet apart, and annuals planted between them. The zinnia is desirable for this purpose, for it will flower quite early if started in a seed-bed, and continues in bloom until frost comes. Then, besides, this plant is of a stately habit, and will show well among the bushes, and for that reason is to be preferred to other annuals equally beautiful, but of smaller size.

Boston is beginning to imitate New York by employing young women reporters and journalists. Miss Sarah L. Joy, of the *Post*, is well known by her "stunning" report of Miss Blanche Butler's wedding. We are glad to hear that she is a thorough-going woman suffragist. Mrs. Livermore, and Julia Ward Howe are editors of the *Woman's Journal*, and are too well known to require comment. Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson is mentioned as recently having been added to the number of progressive women in Boston. Kate Field, though living in Boston, corresponds principally for the *New York Tribune*. "A. G. W." of the *Journal*, is Mrs. A. G. Woolson. Miss Louise M. Thurston, of Lynn, reported the late Murray Centennial Celebration at Gloucester, for the *Journal*. The *Commonwealth* has several lady contributors, including Mrs. Ames, and Mrs. A. W. Howard. Mrs. Howard's nom de plume is Von Vohning. A paper without one or more women on its list of editors and reporters will soon come to be considered like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out.

"To do good and to communicate, forget not," says an apostle. Now the way "to do good" is to extend the circulation of *THE REVOLUTION*, and the way "to communicate" is to send two dollars by mail addressed to *THE REVOLUTION*, Box 8093, New York City.

Notes About Women.

—"Feminary" is a new Western expression for female seminary.

—Bret Harte and his writings are to be lectured about by Mrs. E. S. Forman, of Salem, Mass.

—For the first time in thirty years the New Haven county jail is without a female prisoner.

—A charming girl in Covington, Ky., last week, giggled to the extent of dislocating her lower jaw.

—Mazzini has written an earnest letter to a lady friend in England, favoring the cause of woman suffrage.

—Mary Louise Borce is the first purely African girl whom the New Orleans schools have graduated as a teacher.

—Madame Janauschek has met with indifferent success only at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

—New York young ladies are forming "walking clubs," for the purpose of walking eight or ten miles a day.

—Alice, Crown Princess of Hesse, and second daughter of Queen Victoria, is a warm disciple of "free religion."

—Miss Rhoda Neatherly is the Democratic candidate for Superintendent of Schools in Delaware county, Iowa.

—Miss "Netta" has been engaged as regular reporter of Mr. George H. Stout's news association in Nassau street.

—Miss Anthony will be present at the Detroit Convention, which takes place on the 29th and 30th of November.

—A German woman living at Batavia, N. Y., has this fall husked with her own hands over three hundred bushels of corn.

—The receipts of the fair now being held in this city in aid of the French wounded, for one evening last week, amounted to \$12,000.

—Here is a specimen of wood-craft.
"Miss Caroline Wood, of Iowa, has reclaimed 160 acres of wild prairie land, and has planted 300 fruit and 4,000 maple trees, all with her own hands."

—"A girl who has lost her bean may as well hang up her fiddle."

Yes, poor soul; there is nothing for her to hope for now; this side the grave.

—"A lady boasts of having read sixty French novels through during the last summer."

Such an evidence of well spent time and improved morals certainly does her credit.

—Lydia Becker, the prominent woman's rights advocate, was recently elected a member of the School Board in Manchester, England.

—The spectacle of a woman driving a two-horse team, with two black bears and a cow chained behind, enlivened a Western city recently.

—Among the Americans in Berlin, at last accounts, was Miss Vinnie Ream, accompanied by her parents and a distinguished party of friends.

—A Mrs. Miller raised on her farm near Lawrence, Kansas, 3,000 bushels of sweet potatoes, valued at \$1,800. Only fifteen acres were planted.

—At a Georgia fair, Miss Black, a girl of fifteen, won the premium in a cooking match. Strange that a black girl should be able to do anything in Georgia.

—Mrs. Blanchard has been appointed justice of the peace at Portland, Me., and her husband is now the meekest man there, for fear she will send him up.

—Mrs. W. C. Johnson is lecturing in Indiana on "Man in the Raw." Now, let some more sentimental moralist compose a companion piece, "Woman Undone."

—Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is soon to lecture in Jamestown, where she invites anyone who is able to meet her on the rostrum and discuss the Woman Question.

—Miss Pauline Fletcher, at the age of 14, an adept in all the mysteries of algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and so forth, is the champion mathematician of Indiana.

—"Fifty ladies in the United States are studying with a view of becoming Ministers of the Gospel. The trouble, we fear, will be that some of them will not stick to the text."

Why not, Mr. Editor? Please inform us.

—Bessie Colton, of Cass county, Ind., boasts that she was once engaged to eight young gentlemen at the same time.

Miss Bessie evidently has a lofty idea of the things one can reasonably be proud of.

—"A woman's tongue wags like a lamb's tail." THE REVOLUTION shows the manner of the wagging of many women's tongues. The subscription price is only two dollars a year.

—A lady, very stout and large, at Newport, is called the "Great Eastern," and it is said that when she goes in to bathe it affects the tide, and the small boats rock as if a schooner was passing.

—A young lady having read about a man having invented a stove which will consume its own smoke, hopes he will next devise a method whereby tobacco-smokers can consume their own smoke.

—Anna Dickinson's sister, Susie, is said to be one of the most fertile sources of that lecturer's inspiration. Susie is a quiet little home body, but brimful of ideas. Anna thinks there's no one like Susie.

—The following English magazines are edited by women—*Belgravia*, by Miss Bradton; *St. James*, by Mrs. Riddle; *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, by Mrs. Beeton, and the *Argosy*, by Mrs. Henry Wood.

—Here is a specimen of what one might call meanness run to seed:

"A fellow in Evansville, Ind., the other day, borrowed money of a girl to whom he was engaged, in order to pay for a marriage license, and expended the money in procuring a license to marry another woman."

—"There is an old woman in the State prison at Waupun, Wisconsin, who is eighty years of age. She was sent there for setting fire to a building. What a commentary on our enlightened age!"

We do not consider the above a specimen of "enlightened age," but quite the reverse.

—A new literary department has just been opened in the Western metropolis. Surely Chicago goes ahead of everything in enterprise. A lady reporter goes to church, and writes up "Styles in the Sanctuary" for the Chicago papers.

—"Miss Juliette Newcomb, daughter of a prominent lawyer of Milwaukee, has just returned home after having made a debut in opera at Berlin, which was so brilliant that Minister Bancroft arose gayly from his box, and walked around to congratulate her. Mr. Bancroft does not congratulate young women who are not successful."

Happy Miss Newcomb! She may now go on her way rejoicing.

—A woman in Iowa says she cannot keep house without THE REVOLUTION. Anybody else can have it for simply two dollars a year—sent by mail (or by female) to Box 3093, New York City.

—Senator Pomeroy, a staunch supporter of woman's enfranchisement, writes to THE REVOLUTION a private note earnestly urging a union of all the friends of the cause into one national association.

—"The other day two young girls of Carlinville, Ill., bound their drunken father hand and foot, and so kept him for two days. They finally released him on his promising to join the Sons of Temperance."

Compulsory pledges of reform seldom amount to much.

—"Mr. Oliver, of Boston, who was married to Miss Rathbone in Albany a few days since, among other gifts, received from the bride's father a check for \$50,000. It seems to us the money should have been given to the bride."

We think so too.

—Miss Jennie Collins' book, "Nature's Aristocracy; or, Battles and Wounds in the Time of Peace—a Plea for the Oppressed," is edited by Col. Russell H. Conwell, the brilliant writer. The book is highly spoken of.

—At a barmaid show in London there were thirty-eight competitors. Miss Summers, who had number one bar also came out number one in the list of prizes, and became the fortunate winner of a purse of twenty sovereigns and a gold watch and chain.

—Miss Hannah Sawtelle, of Kosciusko county, Ind., farmer's daughter, possesses a most remarkable voice, and gives promise of becoming a great singer. She is going to Europe to finish her musical education under the best masters of the Old World.

—It is now said that Bulwer borrowed the plot, characters and scenes of the "Lady of Lyons" from a novel called "Periora, or the Bellows Mender of Lyons," written by Mrs. Hellen Maria Williams, and published fifty years ago in the *New York Minerva*.

—Miss Harriette A. Keyser, who made her debut in the Lyceum last spring, lectured recently at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, New York, with great *eclat*. Good judges say she promises to take rank with Anna Dickinson and Lillian Edgerton.

—"The New York Commercial Advertiser states that a woman who sits on a street corner begging for pennies, and holding a wretched, sleeping child in her arms, rents the child for so much a week, and drugs it to continued somnolence."

This traffic in children for purposes of street beggary should be put a stop to.

—"At the annual school meeting at Lakeport, St. Clair county, Michigan, ladies were selected to the offices of moderator, assessor, and directors. It is claimed to have been done through spite."

This is the kind of spite we enjoy. We hope it will be manifested on all occasions where school officers are to be chosen.

—"Olivia," of the Philadelphia Press, thinks that Olive Logan's intellectual faculties are just beginning to ripen. She says:

"In a brief time she will realize that it is far better and more respectable to be called an able woman than 'a darling old girl.' She will stop lisp and putting her forefinger to the tips of her teeth."

—Mrs. Plank, who was born October 20th, 1765, is still living in her native town, Killingly, Connecticut. The venerable dame can walk about the house with the help of her staff; her mind is tolerably clear, and she distinctly recollects many things connected with the war of the Revolution.

—The *Democrat* thus complains of women who don't want to be petted.

"A Cincinnati woman named Slaughtmeyer, is censured for jumping out of a two-story window to escape her husband, who wanted to pet her. He wanted to pet her with a hatchet, as was his usual custom. A man can't take any comfort with such a woman as that."

—In Austria, according to the Imperial Patent of 1864, women as well as men vote in the class of landed proprietors, and in Sweden women also take part in the elections. In Russia, where every household is entitled to send a communal voter, women are often sent to vote as representatives of the family.

—Here is a case of a man's life fatally marred by love:

"An able-bodied man of forty, living at Bellefonte, Pa., has died of a regular broken heart. He was engaged to a girl of twenty, living at Lewisburgh, named Mary Marr, and when she wrote him a note saying she had sworn off marrying old people, it seemed to Marr his happiness, and he pined away and died in two weeks. Cruel, cruel Mary Marr."

—The Foundling Asylum Fair, instituted by the Sisters of Charity, is now being held at the armory of the Twenty-second regiment in this city, and will continue some days longer. The object is one of the best that can be offered to the consideration of the public, and we hope the efforts of the good sisters will meet with abundant success.

—"A ladies' debating society is the latest thing out in Flushing. Gentlemen are permitted to be present but not to talk."

The countenance of those gentlemen during the discussions must be a curious physiological study. Don't be cruel girls. Let them free their minds sometimes, provided they don't insist on talking any more than you do.

—The Brooklyn *Daily Times*, after praising a sermon the Rev. Phoebe Hannaford recently delivered in that city, says that:

"It is a question of grave doubt whether preaching by women can ever become general, since it involves what may be called physical impossibilities."

We want to know what those physical impossibilities are. Please Mr. Editor don't take refuge in glittering generalities.

—"A society of ladies is being formed in Lafayette, Indiana, the general objects of which are to free the members from the thralldom of fashion, and leave more time for pure, healthy pleasure, intellectual improvement, and ennobling pursuits, such as every true woman's heart craves."

We are delighted with this token of promise from Lafayette. May this society of right-minded women grow and prosper, and make their admirable example felt in other towns.

—"Olivia" writes from Washington to Forney's *Press* that

"Wendell Phillips' lecture 'proved that an hour can be spent no more instructively than in listening to satire beside which Xantippe's forked tongue sinks to the merest lullaby. Wendell Phillips' voice penetrates the brain like absynthe. The truths which he utters are flung like pieces of rugged metal, where they stick and fester in the mind!'"

We feel concerned for "Olivia," and hope that effort of genius did not prove her last.

—Miss Julia Schofield is a beautiful young highway robber in New York. Young men load themselves down with greenbacks and rush through dark streets on purpose to be robbed by Miss Julia. This is important, if true.

Julia must be ubiquitous. We have heard of her in Ohio and various other parts of the Union, but never yet have had the pleasure of meeting any body who has laid bodily eyes on her; therefore, we are inclined to think she is a pretty bad little fiction.

—"Tell a woman she is a beauty," says the proverb. THE REVOLUTION does not indulge in any such absurd flattery of its own sex. On the contrary, it tells women the plain, bitter, and wholesome truth about their industrial, political, and social degradation;—all for two dollars a year—and now is the time to subscribe.

—Here are some suggestions in regard to dress, which every woman should consider:

"One of the first principles of dress regarding health is, that all portions of the body should be evenly covered, so that there shall always be a free and unimpeded circulation of blood. As women dress now, the great amount of clothing worn about the lumbar regions of the body, which at all times keeps that portion of the body warm, even when the extremities may be nearly frozen, produces a powerful determination of blood to those parts."

—The Albany *Evening Times*, in commenting on John Stuart Mill's letter to Mrs. Davis in which he gives his hearty approval of the proposition that women should be impanelled on every jury where women are to be tried, says:

"As women proverbially judge one another more harshly than men, those unfortunate women who happened to be accused of criminal offences would probably prefer to be tried by a jury of the masculine gender."

We don't think so.

—A Woman's Peace Convention, presided over by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, assembled in Tremont Temple, Boston, on the evening of November 25th. Mrs. Howe addressed the meeting, and was followed by Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney. At the close of Mrs. Cheney's remarks, a committee was appointed, consisting of Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, and Mrs. Cheney to co-operate with other committees, with a view of furthering the interests of the general convention, to be held in New York, on the 23rd of December. The meeting was large and enthusiastic.

—Dr James Jackson, editor of *The Loves of Life*, writes to Mrs. Gen. Sherman, who has organized an anti-suffrage association in Washington, and tells her some plain truths. Among other things he says:

"You and the women with you are about to ask Congress to act so as to make it difficult for the women of the nation to own property. If this is not directly true with reference to the womanhood of the entire Republic, it is emphatically true of the women of the District of Columbia and of the Territories. For, I repeat it, since it is worthy of repetition—that one cannot own property surely unless to her is accorded the right to manage it; and every property-owner in this country lacking the power to vote, holds property by sufferance, and so owns it under an insecure title."

—This is the way girls are bought and sold in our matrimonial market:

"This took place between a distinguished financier and the daughter of an eminent naval officer. It is said that in this instance the consideration was not only a deed of a Fifth Avenue mansion but \$100,000 in valuable stocks. This match, as I have said, excited great notice, and even censure, owing to the husband's antecedents. As the season advances, the matrimonial market is getting excited, and several important bargains are now under way. Mention is made of an alliance near at hand between a four-story brownstone house, with carriage and servants, and a fortune on top of it of \$250,000, on the one hand (encumbered by 200 pounds of flesh and blood, with the bloated countenance of a rakish widower), and on the other a chignon and tressant, a smattering of French, and love of the world, the flesh and the devil, all done up in the painted form of a fashionable young lady."

—Two maiden ladies, of Brooklyn—subscribers to THE REVOLUTION—who believe practically in woman's equality with man, put their belief to the test the other day by cementing the cellar and topping the chimney of their residence, mixing their own mortar, and

carrying up every brick themselves. Two first-class masons afterward inspected the work, and asserted that the job was well and thoroughly done. This excited no unusual comment; in fact, like instances are every day occurring; but imagine the hubbub which would have accompanied it ten years' ago. Truly we are progressing. The thickest outside wall of prejudice has been battered down, and pleasanter work lies ahead.

—The Circular of the Bureau of Education states, as the result of some recent investigations on the subject:

"That near-sightedness steadily increases from the lower grade of schools to the higher ones. Among the chief causes of near-sightedness Dr. Cohn considers the construction of the desks and chairs, and the manner in which school-rooms are generally lighted. Scholars but too easily accustom themselves to bend forward too closely over their books. This involves greater activity of the muscles of the eye, producing an increase of hydrostatic pressure in the back part of the eye-ball, and a prolongation of the axis of the eye, which by long continuance becomes a permanent condition."

"Guillaume found, among 731 scholars of the *Collège Municipal* in Neuchâtel, 296, more than forty per cent., who frequently suffered from headache. Girls seemed to be more subject to it than boys, for among the former there were fifty-one per cent., and among the latter twenty-eight per cent. The younger scholars suffered more from it than the older ones."

As a cause for this it is stated that different species of noxious gases, particularly carbonic oxide, penetrate hot iron where stoves are used, and produce headache and vertigo—an excellent reason for abolishing stoves from houses and school-rooms.

—We have already mentioned in THE REVOLUTION that Miss Martha J. Lamb, the author of "The Aunt Mattie Library," and of several historical works, had recently been elected a member of the New York Historical Society—the first instance of a woman's receiving that just honor. When this fact became known to the president of the Union Woman's Suffrage Society, he sent Miss Lamb's name (at her request) to the Long Island Historical Society, and asked that she might be chosen a member of that body. The librarian sent her the following prompt reply:

LONG ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, }
BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 19, 1870. }

Mr. Theodore Tilton:

DEAR SIR: I will present the name of Miss Martha J. Lamb, as proposed by you at our next meeting. We have eight women members of our society, and are ready to elect others. We had a woman as honorary member, the late Frances M. Calkins, the well-known author. Very truly yours, GEORGE HANNAH, Librarian.

—It seems that there is a man in New York who believes that woman has executive capacity, and he has nominated a very able woman of this sort to a very responsible office, as follows:

To the Editor of the Sun:

SIR: I am not an advocate of what is commonly called women's rights, but it appears to me to be no more than fair that the women of the city should have a voice in the management of the police. For this reason I take the liberty of nominating Miss Susan B. Anthony to the vacant place of Police Commissioner. She has more energy and more of the true sense of justice than all the men of my acquaintance. If she were a Police Commissioner the rights of all would be protected, and the wicked would be punished. Yours,

A HOFFMAN MAN.

On reading the above, we said to ourselves, "How nice it would be to be arrested by Susan!" We would almost be tempted to behave badly on purpose to enjoy Susan's official vigor in suppressing us! And what a pleasure she would take in dragging the men to justice! Yes, we are altogether in favor of Susan for Police Commissioner.

Our Mail Bag.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

VICTORIA PRESS, November, 1870.

To the Editor of *The Revolution*:

I have just returned from a short lecturing tour in Hampshire and Kent, and must at once forward to you the news about the Metropolitan School Board. The order from the Educational Board will be published in a few days, and the elections will take place during the last week in November. Mrs. William Grey is a candidate for the Chelsea Division, in which there are four thousand women rate-payers. I understand Dr. Lyon Playfair and Prof. Maurice have withdrawn through the pressure of other engagements. Mr. John Stuart Mill also thinks he can "be more useful to our common objects by not employing any time in a kind of administrative duty however important." Miss Garrett, M. D., is a candidate for the Marylebone Division. It is understood that she is especially desirous of applying the powers of the Education Act so as to bring the street children to school. In her address to the rate-payers of the Division she says:

"I am in favor of the reading of the Bible in schools with such explanation as the teachers may find desirable, bearing in mind the provisions of the Education Act by which religious Catechisms are not permitted to be used; the Scripture lesson is required to be given at the beginning or end of the school hours, and by which also any scholar may be withdrawn by his parent from such instruction without forfeiting any of the other benefits of the school. I am not in favor of allowing the Scripture lesson to be made a means of conveying to the scholars the special doctrines of the Church of England, or of any one of the dissenting bodies. I should discourage sectarian teaching to the utmost of my power, believing that all that it is desirable to teach young children is that basis of elementary Christianity upon which the various Churches are agreed. I am in favor of the principle of compulsion. I am convinced that, unless it be adopted, the new act will be, practically, almost inoperative, and, therefore, if elected I shall use every effort to discover, or to support, effectual methods of enforcing the attendance of children at the schools, in spite of the many serious difficulties which I am aware such methods will encounter. Ten years of professional work in two of the poorest districts of the East and West of London have given me some knowledge of the classes for whom this act is needed, and of the conditions under which it will have to be worked. I may perhaps also claim to be specially conversant with questions relating to the physical well-being of the scholars, and to the education of girls."

Miss Newsom is anxious that "the influence and co-operation of woman, in carrying out the Educational Act," shall from the first be in a recognized responsible official position as voters, as members of the school boards, and as government inspectors. There ought, doubtless, to be at least one woman in every School Board throughout the metropolis.

A very severe canvass has just taken place at Colchester. The death of Mr. Rebon left a vacant seat in the House of Commons, which the Right Honorable Sir Henry Storks, G. C. B., was anxious to fill. As soon as his project was known, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. King, Mrs. Hampson and the ladies working for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases' Act went off to Colchester, and raised a perfect tumult in the town against him, by circulating his evidence respecting the working of the acts abroad and at home, and the means whereby he enforced them in the Ionian Isles when he was governor there. I have heard, in some quarters, that Miss Garrett's opinion in favor of the acts will render her candidate for the

School Board rather more difficult than it would otherwise have been. Sir Henry Storks has been utterly defeated, to the great disgust of the government and the liberal party in general; and they say he will have small chance of ever getting into Parliament now. This is the second time he has been defeated within one year. I will keep you duly informed of this movement; but I shall avoid any expressions which might bring down the indignation of Mrs. King, whose letter in your paper of the 20th date I read with much interest. I think, however, it is my right to say that she had the best of the argument.

The first meeting of the second session of the Victoria Discussion Society took place on the 7th. If you think that these meetings will be sufficiently interesting to your readers, I will always forward you early proofs. The society has re-opened under very favorable auspices, as many new and influential members have joined it during the recess.

Yours truly,

EMILY FAITHFULL.

MRS. STANTON OUT WEST.

ROCKFORD, ILL., November 20, 1870.

Dear Mrs. Bullard:

I have now been on the wing two weeks, if it is not absurd for a one weighing one hundred and eighty pounds to talk of such locomotion; for even the wings the enthusiastic Russells made would not be a circumstance towards my elevation. Among other places I have visited Cairo, a Democratic center, called the Egypt of Illinois, whose thick darkness no woman has penetrated before. But they listened, and the converts to woman's suffrage were more than could be numbered.

I think the sore afflictions of the Republican party will rebound to our advantage. I see there is a Democratic gain in every State, and the Republicans begin to quake in their shoes. It is evident that the "party of moral ideas" needs some new cement to bind its forces together. I am amused as I read the papers to see the various prescriptions our editors and statesmen offer for the declining invalid. Of all, I think Gen. Butler's the most preposterous. A war with England! on the Alabama claims! to unite the Republican party!! A mighty move for a small result!!! It reminds me of the Frenchman's funeral: At the death of his baby, a month old, innumerable friends filled his house, and long lines surrounded it in carriages and on horse, and still they came. The father was so overpowered with these marks of attention that he rushed to the front door and said: "My friends, I am truly grateful for such marks of sympathy and respect in the hour of my affliction, and my only regret is that the child is so exceedingly small." From the recent election returns, Gen. Butler might have some of the same regret, in view of the magnitude of his proposition.

I think woman suffrage would be a far better, and less expensive, cement for 1872, which the Democrats will take, if the Republicans do not. If the Republican party can only be saved through war with England, it had better be gathered to its fathers, and be respectably buried beside the old Whigs and Federalists in the family vault. Its work is done, for it has now no grand moral idea on which to base itself. Even the belligerent New York *Tribune* winds up one of its glowing editorials

with the Christian motto, "Let us have peace." I see that venerable journal has paid its respects to me again in its usual complimentary style. That I may not be in its debt, my audiences are informed every night of the generous, consistent, magnanimous part Mr. Greeley is playing in the struggles of the women of this Republic for education, work, wages, social virtue, purity, civil rights, and political equality. Mr. Greeley saw the degradation and humiliation of womankind when summed up in the infamous verdict of the Macfarland case, and expressed his indignation like a just and noble man; but his influence for years has been educating the public sentiment to just such an estimation of womankind. Sympathy in individual cases amounts to little, as a civil agent, until caught and chained in logical irrefragable propositions and coined into State law.

The New York *Tribune* cannot block this movement. Its attempts will prove as futile as those of Dame Partington with the Atlantic ocean. I find great regrets expressed everywhere that Mr. Tilton is not to lecture during this season, as "The American Woman" he presented to his audiences was greatly admired.

I often meet *THE REVOLUTION*, traveling like a fire-brand among the people, and, rest assured, I give it a hearty welcome. Adieu.

E. C. S.

SHALL THE PRESIDENT BE A MAN OR A WOMAN?

HILLS OF BERKSHIRE,
Day after Thanksgiving.To the Editor of *The Revolution*:

In asking the above question, I do not mean the President of a man's Republic, but of a Woman's Suffrage Society.

Now, plausibility is frequently fallacy. However plausible the argument may be for choosing a woman, rather than a man, to the presidency of such an organization, the argument is fallacious.

When my son came home from New York to eat his Thanksgiving dinner in the house in which he was born, he brought in his pocket a copy of a little paper I never saw before—the *Evening Mail*: and my attention, as a woman suffragist, was drawn to the following statement in it:

"There was a strong appeal for the union of the National Woman Suffrage Associations, Mr. Tilton suggesting that a woman be made President of the united society."

I do not know why Mr. Tilton made such a suggestion. And yet I know he did, for I saw his letter about it, printed a week or two ago in *THE REVOLUTION*.

(And, by the way, I wish *THE REVOLUTION* would always get here a little earlier in the week, so that we would never run the risk of missing it on Saturday, for the folks are all home to read it between services on Sunday.)

I think his idea sprang simply from the natural gallantry of men toward women, and from no more deep-seated or serious good reason. In making the suggestion, he spoke simply as a man—not as an officer, and not even as a member, of a society whose officers and members are both women and men.

The Union Woman's Suffrage Society (and I had a tinkering hand in soldering the articles of its constitution) forever forbids the society, in express terms, either in receiving members or electing officers, to make any distinction on account of sex.

It was an incident worthy of historic record that at the meeting at Apollo Hall in May last, after the constitution was adopted, containing the provision to which I have referred, and while the election of officers was about to take place under it, a woman who sat next to me—a stranger from Ohio—arose and moved that the presidential candidate should be a woman; but Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who acted as presiding officer, promptly ruled the motion out of order on the ground of its manifest unconstitutionality; inasmuch as the society had just bound itself to make no distinctions on account of sex.

This decision was just, and will abide the test of sober second thought. Mrs. Stanton, and the rest of us, have for years been complaining that all the governments with which we have ever been acquainted have uniformly made odious and oppressive restrictions on account of sex. They have put men in office, and women in subjection. This has been wholly wrong—just as wrong as if women had been everywhere in power, and men had been everywhere under their feet. And in the few places where women enjoy an equal chance of governing with men—as, for instance, in the Union Woman's Suffrage Society—they have disdained to return evil for evil, declined to make an unjust use of their own superior numbers, disclaimed every intention to exalt themselves into an aristocracy of sex, and magnanimously determined to give to the world at least one wholesome example of what a government should be—namely, an organization of all its members on a basis of equal rights and privileges, without stigma on account of color, and without limitation on account of sex.

It is well enough for a man, speaking with a certain chivalrous gallantry which is the ornament of the sterner sex, to urge that the presidency of the two associations (if they unite) should be vested in a woman; but principle is a higher virtue than politeness; and, as a matter of principle, the question of sex has properly nothing to do with such an election. It ought to be a settled maxim that for every civil, political, or honorary office in Christendom, either sex should be equally eligible with the other.

At least, this is the opinion of

A BERSHIRE WOMAN.

[Our friend, Mrs. Sedgwick, had not learned, before penning the above letter, that the two associations have not united, but have agreed to disagree; and since Mr. Beecher has resigned the presidency of the Cleveland body, and Mrs. Tracy Cutler has become his successor, the general equilibrium of the sexes seems to be conserved by having a woman president of the one, and a man of the other.—ED. REVOLUTION.]

POPULAR RAILWAY LITERATURE.

ALBANY, OREGON, Nov. 8th, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

As I was traveling homeward from Portland in the cars one day, about a month since, and during the last session of our Legislature, at one of the numerous by-stations, so necessary for the accommodation of the public, and so annoying to through passengers, who are always in a hurry, a newsboy, or man rather—he certainly stood six feet two, weight in proportion—entered the car with a perfect avalanche of newspapers. I asked for THE REV-

OLUTION. "What," said he, "Miss Anthony's paper?" "Yes, sir." "I never sell such nonsense," he replied, and produced Harper's Bazar, which I bought, and he went on with his distribution of sensible literature. A few gentlemen near me, with whom I was acquainted, bought the Portland dailies; but I noticed that the Day's Doings was the principal attraction. Of the three dozen persons in that particular car, at least half of the male portion purchased and devoured the contents of that detestable sheet. A few of the better class glanced furtively and blushing at the three or four ladies present; but as the ladies didn't appear to notice them, they finished their repast with evident satisfaction.

I read the Bazar, when a gentleman near me exchanged, giving me the Portland Herald.

In the account of legislative proceedings, my attention was attracted by a bill then pending before the Legislature known as "Mr. Amis' queue bill." It purported to be a bill to abolish caste, by compelling every man who should wear a queue of greater length than six inches, or who should shave any portion of the scalp, to pay a license or tax for that privilege of ten dollars per month. I should have stated that the Chinese hobby is the horse many politicians are riding just now, and this bill was an attempt to saddle upon said hobby-horse, such a burden of taxation as would cause the Chinamen to leave the present field of their quiet but remunerative labors in the State of Oregon. In justice to our Legislature, let me state that the bill was mercilessly slaughtered amid much sly derision, and John Chinaman still wears his queue, and certain ex-congressmen still "shave a portion of his scalp."

Well, I finished the Herald, and was gazing abstractedly from the car-window, when a man vacated the seat directly in front of me, leaving the Day's Doings on the seat within my reach. I took it up, and began reading, watching furtively the while to see what would come of it. A few rough-looking men cast derisive looks from each other under their eyelashes at me and the paper; one or two gentlemen looked annoyed; a Chinaman with a queue looked, as no doubt he was, unconscious of anything to disturb his equanimity, and I—well, I smothered my indignation—read on. In about ten minutes I laid the paper down, more thoroughly disgusted than I had been for years.

Two gentlemen were sitting near. One, who was not acquainted with the paper, asked if I would pass it to him. I told him I would prefer tossing it from the window with a pair of tongs. Said the other gentleman, apologetically, "That is a newspaper that circulates in the saloons." Said I, "I am well aware that men say that women should not read such papers, and I most heartily indorse their opinions. My reason for reading it was to see for myself what kind of literature will be thrust upon the attention of my sons, who will soon be traveling in these cars every week or two. Now," said I, "look at this queue bill," and I gave him the Herald.

"Never," I continued, "did I feel the need of the feminine element in our legislation so forcibly as now. Look at that Chinaman, with his queue wound innocently about his head, offending nobody's morals; yet our Legislature is spending vast sums of State money in discussing such a theme, while it allows

unrebuked and unlicensed even the circulation of indecent literature, calculated in its nature to debauch the sons of women who are wearing out the best part of their lives in imbuing them with upright principles. Just wait till we vote! Won't we get men men and women to legislate for us who will speedily right this fearful wrong?" Half I said I couldn't tell you, even if you had patience to listen; suffice to say that the gentleman, who was not a woman's rights man [more's the pity] admitted that he believed the woman element would purify politics; but he was afraid the contact with such matters would make us unfeminine. "I admit," said I, "that it is a disagreeable task that lies before us, but we have waited through many years for men to do the work, and alas! we wait in vain."

Just how it would make us unwomanly to do this purifying work he failed to show.

But here I am at the end of the fourth—aye, fifth—page, and I must close. Guess you won't complain of Mrs. Stanton's chirography after you have deciphered this.

Your friend in the cause of humanity,

A. J. DUNNWAY.

EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

FREDONIA, November 7th, 1870.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

Noticing your remark concerning several bequests which have recently been made by ladies of means, among which was one for the "aid of poor young men," etc., I have been led to join my protest to yours against such injustice—to use no harsher term. Not that I do not heartily sympathize with those young men who are obliged to labor hard for the means which they require to educate themselves for the ministry; they command our respect, and I would willingly accede to them all due credit. But young men have far more to encourage and help them in educating themselves than have young women. There are hundreds of girls who would hail with gladness any opportunity to acquire such an education as would fit them for a profession whereby they might support themselves, but no help is offered them—even those of their own sex freely giving of their means to help educate those who are no better entitled to an education than they. I think our great need—I had almost said our greatest need—at the present time is a college or colleges for the business training of women, such as shall be within reach of all. There is no denying the fact, women are deplorably ignorant of business matters, but the fault is not entirely with them; all information in regard to business has been withheld from them, and they have been taught that a woman was not capable of managing the smallest business detail. But women are rapidly becoming awakened to the fact that they cannot always trust their male friends with the management of their affairs; and with this knowledge comes a desire to become capable of managing their own. If women had been taught how to invest a small amount of money so as to receive the largest income, and to rely upon themselves in these business affairs, men would have far less cause to grumble at woman's extravagance than they have now. Women cannot become successful in supporting themselves until they have a thorough knowledge of business, and for this reason I would that no girl's education be considered complete till she has this, and sincerely hope that the next bequest we shall hear of will be one for the purpose of enabling worthy young women to obtain this.

Yours for the right,

A YOUNG WOMAN.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employment, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and insists a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 2685, New York City. Principal Office, No. 81 Union Place, corner of Sixteenth street, New York. Branch Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 1, 1870.

THE CLEVELAND MEETING.

It shows the slight respect in which women are held by our rulers, when, in the face of Mrs. Lucy Stone's forty days' previous announcement of her Cleveland Meeting, to be held November 22d and 23d, President Grant, the silent man, seized his golden opportunity to hush many women's tongues by appointing Thanksgiving for the very next day, November 24th—thus keeping many persons from going to the convention, and compelling others, who did go, to hasten prematurely home before the turkey should get cold.

Owing to the pressure of advertisements upon our columns, making our reading space precious, we are obliged to omit our own reporter's voluminous account of the proceedings, and to content ourselves (and we hope our readers) with incorporating the substantial facts in this editorial reference.

The attendance was slim. Less than sixty persons were present at the opening; and Nellie Hutchinson piquantly writes to the satirical *Tribune* that "The audience at no time more than peppered the great hall, and the delegates were comparatively few." The exact number of these delegates, according to our own reporter, was fifty-one, representing twelve States, "from which," she adds, "it would appear that something ought to be done to make this Cleveland society a more truly national organization." The *Cleveland Herald* says: "There was nothing of the life and enthusiasm that characterized the meeting last year." Another of the local journals unhand-somely stigmatized the convention as "dismal." Still another local went out of its way to declare, not only that it was "pitifully small," but, with a personality unpardonable, that "none of the delegates were handsome, and very few even good-looking." THE REVOLUTION thinks that this last unpleasant impression could easily be removed if the other organization would promptly call a meeting in that same city.

Mr. Greeley has been making himself merry over the society's meagre finances—the last year's receipts being only nine hundred dollars; to which, we hope the *Woman's Journal* will reply that this is because the limited salaries of its officials are not taxed two per cent.

Mr. Beecher, for reasons best known to himself, and which were stronger than the public will be likely to suspect, resigned his presidency. Mr. George W. Julian was asked to accept it, who, though not given to declining public office, firmly refused. Finally, a responsibility which two men did not venture to assume was put upon an absent woman. We

refer to our friend and co-worker, Mrs. Hannah Magruder Tracy Cutler, now in California—a strong, sensible, rough-diamond woman, who means business, and knows how to perform it.

Mrs. Lucy Stone presented a report of the progress of the cause during the year, in which, by a strange omission (and we presume intentional) no mention was made of the decade celebration, although this was a recent and memorable gathering in which Mrs. Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, and other well-known leaders, took part. If Mrs. Stone considers that "the cause" comprises only her own party, she makes such a mistake as the other wing would disdain to commit. The three tailors of Tooley street are not the people of England.

Among the new accessions to the movement (or rather to its platform, for he is not a new convert) is Mr. John Whitehead of Newark—a staunch and able jurist, a citizen of standing and influence, and a statesman whom we hope the united votes of men and women will one day make governor of New Jersey.

Miss Susan B. Anthony was present, not as a member, but a spectator. Nevertheless, wherever Susan goes, in whatsoever capacity, there is sure to be a breeze. In this case, there was a full gale of wind. It arose by her making the following characteristic speech:

MR. PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN AND LADIES, FRIENDS OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE, AND EVERYBODY ELSE: I do not want you to talk blind any longer! Talk plain and say what you mean! If you oppose this union because Mrs. Stanton advocates the right of woman to free herself from a marriage relation that is worse than slavery, say so. If a woman makes a mistake or is forced into marriage, and finds that her husband is a drunkard, a gambler, or a libertine, it is criminally wicked for her to remain bound to him: it is a sin for her to bear children to sorrow and misery in such a union. Do you say that this Association sets itself against allowing her to free herself from such bonds? What is the law of divorce but a personal liberty bill? According to present laws a woman, at the will of a brutal or dissolute husband, may be robbed of her property, her liberty, and the custody of her children, and she is as much a slave as ever was a negro on a Southern plantation. This is the case under the laws of every State except Louisiana. I want you to come right out and say what you mean by all this discussion. The *Woman's Journal* is the last paper in the world that ought to speak against greater freedom for women in marriage and divorce, for one of its editors, I refer to Mrs. Stone, at her wedding, refused to submit to the legal form of marriage, which, on her part, was only a conditional one, with a solemn protest against the unjust laws bearing upon woman, in her social relation of wife. How can such a marriage be a legal one? If you are going to keep on hounding Mrs. Stanton upon this subject I want to know it. There, I've had my say! That's my first speech!

After she sat down, Col. Higginson, occupying the chair, arose and said:

"I cannot allow one who is only admitted to the floor of this convention by courtesy, to attack the character of the body or its members, and go unrebuked. I—"

Miss Anthony interrupting him, said: "I protest against the charge that I have attacked—"

The chair broke in upon her, saying:

"If you please, Miss Anthony, I made no interruption while you were speaking. I heard you through quietly, and now will you have the kindness to allow me to speak without interruption? I will not sit calmly and hear such slanders as Miss Anthony has uttered upon a married woman, whom I believe to be as pure and true to her marriage vows as any woman on earth. I know Lucy Stone, and her husband, Henry B. Blackwell, for fifteen years ago I TIED THE KNOT! [Sensation.] I will not bear such slanders upon her, and so long as I live and have strength to do so, I will repudiate with scorn any insinuations that she was not legally and properly married!"

Judge Bradwell, coming to Susan's rescue, said:

"I think there has been a misapprehension of Miss Anthony's remarks. She did not mean to slander the character of Mrs. Stone."

Miss Anthony exclaimed:

"I certainly did not!"

Col Higginson retorted:

"I took down her very words, and they could not easily be misunderstood."

Mrs. Campbell desired to ask the Chair if, according to law, a woman was not required to take the name of her husband, and if so, if Lucy Stone did not violate the law by insisting upon being called by her maiden name. The chairman evaded an answer, saying that the debate had taken altogether too wide a range. Miss Anthony here arose, and when all were hushed into silence, gave the following quietus to this portion of the proceedings:

"MR. PRESIDENT: I did not intend to insult my friend, Mrs. Stone. When she was married she did protest against unjust laws, and that was the grandest protest against wrong the world has ever seen. I have always honored her for it. I have stood by her through thick and thin for fifteen years, and if I said anything against her, I did not mean it. So help me God, I would sooner lose my right hand. Mr. President, I humbly beg the pardon of yourself, of Mrs. Stone, and of all these gentlemen and ladies."

"This," says the *Cleveland Herald*, "was greeted with tremendous applause."

To which we add, that this is just like Susan—she always comes off with "tremendous applause."

It is singular, after all, that the marriage-question should have so frequently crept into a convention whose two strangely-married chief managers took special pains to say beforehand that it should have no right of entrance. Mrs. Lydia Maria Child addressed to it an able letter, and the Rev. James Freeman Clarke a feeble note, on the forbidden theme. Mr. Babbitt of Chicago criticised what he called Miss Anthony's "too free views of divorce"—a topic on which citizens of Chicago, on going away from home, would do well to keep silent. Judge Bradwell argued that "marriage was a civil contract." Mrs. Dr. Ellen Ferguson denounced the marital slavery of woman, and quoted an English law permitting a man to sell his wife. The Rev. Mr. Higginson himself, who, though a professional performer of marriages, has lately been urging the Boston society to forsake all "side issues," and to "stick to the point,"—strangely enough, in his opening speech, made an ominous utterance on the tabooed topic, to the effect that after women received the ballot, there would be changes in the laws of marriage and divorce. But what changes? What deep, legislative, revolutionary purpose lies buried in the Rev. Mr. Higginson's mind? Is his meditated future policy so radical that he does not dare express himself upon it? Let us hope that this clergyman, in instituting any such changes, will advance with that cautious moderation which ought to characterize all interference with the existing social relations of the sexes.

The proposed union of the two national associations was introduced, argued, and negatived. The circumstances were these. The letter of invitation from the other society asking a committee of eleven for conference, was read, after which, Mr. Whitehead, in presenting various resolutions, included the following:

Resolved, That we recommend the appointment of a Committee of Conference of like number with the one

appointed by the Union Suffrage Association, with a view to the union of both organizations.

Mr. A. J. Boyer, of Ohio, added this:

Resolved, That we recommend the adoption of the following amendment to the constitution of the American Woman's Suffrage Association:

Article VI—The delegates present at the annual meeting of the American Woman's Suffrage Association of 1870, shall have power to appoint a committee of eleven persons for perfecting a union of the existing National Woman's Suffrage Associations under one constitution, and one set of officers.

Judge Bradwell offered the following:

Whereas, In article II of the Constitution of the American Woman Suffrage Association it is stated, its object shall be to concentrate the efforts of all the advocates of woman suffrage in the United States, and

Whereas, The Union Woman Suffrage Society, of which Theodore Tilton is President, has appointed a committee of eleven persons, with full power to agree upon a basis for the union of the two national associations; now therefore be it

Resolved, That this convention, for the purpose of carrying out the object of said association, as expressed in said article II, and concentrating the efforts of all the friends of woman suffrage throughout the Union for national purposes, do hereby appoint [blank left for names,] who, with the eleven persons heretofore appointed by the said Union Woman Suffrage Society, shall compose a joint committee, with full power to form a union of the American Woman Suffrage Association and the Union Woman Suffrage Society, under one constitution and one set of officers. It is further provided that after notice to all, a majority of said joint committee shall have power to act.

Judge Bradwell and Mrs. Goodrich Willard argued on the side of union; and Mrs. Longley, Mr. H. B. Blackwell, and others against it. The final vote, for or against union, took a somewhat complicated and mathematical shape, given by the *Cleveland Herald* as follows:

The yeas and nays by States were moved by Massachusetts and seconded by Delaware, New Jersey and New York. The vote resulted as follows:

	Yeas.	Nays.
New Hampshire.....	—	5
Massachusetts.....	—	13
Rhode Island.....	—	4
New York.....	—	35
New Jersey.....	6	1
Pennsylvania.....	1	25
Delaware.....	—	3
Ohio.....	17	—
Indiana.....	13	—
Illinois.....	10%	5%
Missouri.....	—	11
Michigan.....	—	7
Louisiana—declined voting.	—	—
Colorado—declined voting.	—	—
Total.....	47%	112%

The vote is deceptive as regards the number of delegates in attendance. Each State was entitled to the vote of its Congressional representation, its delegation casting the full vote. In the case of New York, the whole number was cast by two delegates. When Illinois was called, Judge Bradwell stated that it was two-thirds for and one-third against the resolution. The Secretary suggested that this would give a fraction, the number of votes to which the State was entitled being sixteen. But the Judge insisted on the fraction, and it was so recorded.

So it seems that in a convention of fifty-one delegates there were more than four hundred votes on one side, and more than a hundred on the other:—which, to a superficial glance, reminds one of the repetitious suffrage of Tammany Hall!

After the announcement of the vote, Judge Bradwell quoted the following resolution of instructions from the Illinois association to its delegates:

Resolved, That the executive committee send delegates to the annual meeting of the American association, with instructions to vote in favor of a union of the two associations claiming to be national, and in case the Cleveland association shall refuse to take steps to bring about said union, they are hereby instructed to withdraw from said convention.

In pursuance of the above resolution, the Illinois delegation formally severed its State association from the National Society, and withdrew from the deliberations.

Miss Hutchinson says, "Indiana has also announced its intention to sever its bonds."

The main object of this convention seems to have been to carry to Cleveland a hammer of Boston conservatism to crack the woman question to pieces, in order to pick out and take home for preservation only that fragment of it which assumes the shape of the ballot. Mr. Higginson on the first day delivered the fatal blow as follows:

"Early in the movement in behalf of woman the broad platform of 'woman's rights' was adopted. This was all proper and right then, but the progress of reform has developed the fact that suffrage for woman is the great key that will unlock to her the doors of social and political equality."

It was in view of this foreshadowed policy—the policy of veiling every other aspect of the woman question save its political—that led Mrs. Lucretia Mott to say lately to Mrs. Stanton:

"If the Boston society and *Journal* proposes thus to limit our demand, I know to what side I belong."

This proposed new method reverses the wholesome precedent of the past twenty-two years of agitation. It seems like a holiday practice of shooting at a mark, instead of the old-fashioned and terrible cannonading "all along the line."

Mr. Higginson says that the woman question *was* woman's rights. To which we add, the woman question *is* woman's rights. The demand for suffrage is only one part of a greater demand which includes it. The woman question, as we understand it, is the comprehensive question of woman's rights—including her right to employment, wages, property, education, suffrage, marriage, and divorce. Our theme is *all* these, not merely *one*. The true method of reform—the genuine philosophy of radicalism—is to ask for the whole loaf, not for a crumb. Elizabeth Heyrick taught the early and compromising abolitionists of England the sublime ultimatum of "immediate and unconditional emancipation."

This watchword, which was applied to the anti-slavery reform, belongs equally to the woman's movement. Our policy is Elizabeth Heyrick's. Once this policy was also Mrs. Stone's. Who does not remember how this piquant agitator used to take Mr. Blackwell with one hand, Mr. Higginson with the other, and lead them up to the state legislatures, where, with their three voices flowing into one plea, they demanded amendments to the laws concerning woman's ownership of her property, and woman's custody of her children? Was there anything about suffrage in this? Not a word. But this trio of reformers have now found out a new method. They mean to postpone everything else, in order to get the ballot first. Defer woman's wages (say they) till she first gets the franchise. Put off her education, until she has first obtained her vote. Keep her out of her property until she first has her square inch of white paper. Hold her a life long victim to a false marriage until she can first get her credentials of political equality. Postpone her just petition for divorce, until she can first go to the polls and vote.

This is the Cleveland policy for the conduct of the woman's movement!

We utterly reject it. Last week we uttered our protest against thus distilling our whole great question into a single drop. We said then, and we repeat now, that so far as the Union Woman's Suffrage Society will consent to be represented by *THE REVOLUTION* (and this journal speaks only for itself, not for any-

body else) we do not want a union of the two societies if such a union is to be purchased at the price of abandoning every constituent part of the woman question, save one. First, as a matter of principle, we have no right to surrender any vital element of the movement; and next, as a matter of expediency, it is an unwise policy to make suffrage the sum-total of our claim—thus presenting our question to the public in its most unpopular (because exclusively political) guise. If we are to persuade an unwilling world to adopt our ideas, let us not begin at the wrong end of our argument. Nine people out of ten can be led to enlist under our banner if we say we are fighting for woman's wages, where only one out of ten would join us if we say we are fighting for woman's suffrage. Many a woman will give us her heart and hand, because we are seeking to rectify the laws by which she holds her property, whereas no desire has yet been awakened in her to possess the ballot. Thousands of unhappy wives, whose husbands are in the gutter, can be touched by the question, Do you not wish the legal custody of your own children? yet who are in no mood of mind to consider the abstract value of the elective franchise. Many a woman (like Mrs. Stone herself in her wiser days), protests against the dreadful surrender which she makes of herself under our present marriage system—a system which makes man and wife one, and that one the husband—whereas that same woman may require (like Mrs. Stone) to live a dozen years before she sees that suffrage is of more importance to her than her marriage, and that her political status is of greater concern than her soul's peace.

Women who know their womanhood, and what belongs to it, will find nothing in the Cleveland policy to strike a response from the deeper chords of their nature. The great social questions which lie wrapt within the woman's movement, and which constitute its heart of hearts—these, we are told, are to have no place on the platform of that association, or in the columns of its journal. But we trust that these will always have their just place in the Union Woman's Suffrage Society; and we should be recreant to our calling, if we should banish them from the pages of *THE REVOLUTION*.

Suffrage is "mint;" property is "anise;" wages are "cummin;" but marriage and divorce are the "weightier matters of the law."

—An aggravating specimen of red tape comes to us from Chicago. Mrs. Ada H. Kepley, a lady who graduated at the law school in the above mentioned city last winter, has been admitted to practice before Judge Decius' court; but owing to the recent decision of the Supreme Court, Mrs. Bradwell, editor of the *Legal News*, says:

"It is unfortunate for Mrs. Kepley that, under our present statute, no matter how much business she may get in Judge Decius' court, she cannot recover one dollar for her services, but is liable to pay three dollars as a penalty for every one that is paid to her as fees."

Perhaps the casual reader don't at first suspect that this line is an advertisement. But it is. It is designed to inform him (or her) that the price of *THE REVOLUTION* is two dollars a year. Now this is cheap.

San Francisco has 11,817 Chinese inhabitants, of whom 2,040 are females.

THROWING STONES.

"The respectable women of Hope, Ind., made savage war upon the houses of ill-fame in that city, recently, and drove all the inmates out of town."

We cannot be brought to think that the most respectable class of women have any right to wage savage war against the most debased class. It is impossible for an outcast woman to forfeit her claim to humanity. Christ enunciated this principle when he said to the Pharisees, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone. Go and sin no more."

The women of Hope, it appears, said go, but they said it with vengeance in their hearts. The principle which made those abandoned women what they are is still living and thriving there we fear. It will not do to establish the practice of casting stones at the guilty; for if so some of those ladies of Hope (which by the way appears to be a misnomer) might, in stern justice, be obliged to stone their own husbands, brothers, and sons. So long as only one-half of the evil-doers have been banished from the town, the plague spots will break out again, and these Christian (?) women will find their labor all in vain.

Neither the town of Hope nor any other town has a right to drive the moral disorders it has nurtured in its bosom out beyond its limits, to curse some other portion of the earth. Hope is responsible for the evils it has nursed and warmed into life; and it would be as execrable, from one point of view, for the inhabitants of the town, when the small-pox happened to be raging there, to deliberately spread the contagion through the surrounding country, as to deliberately drive out the poor, outcast, abandoned women it had formed and moulded.

The ladies of Hope, when they were thrusting those women upon the cold charity and bitter scorn of some other town, did not remember who had been their creators, or that, by the very act, they were condemning perhaps those nearest and dearest to themselves. Such deeds of high-handed injustice and wrong often have a fearful recoil.

Every community must take care of its own vice and crime. The methods of care-taking thus far have been almost worse than none; but society is beginning to awaken to the fact that savage warfare upon the victim and the wrong-doer will never protect its most sacred interests.

Every town is in duty bound to seek and apply remedies for the evils under which it groans. Many may say, as they do, that there is no remedy for this terrible evil of prostitution. We do not believe it. The remedy may not lie within the reach of sermons and homilies; but we believe it does lie within the reach of warm human love and sympathy—the recognition of the truth that the divine stamp never can be wholly effaced even by the hoofs of beasts or of devils; the acknowledgement of the tie of sisterhood, with the hope held out that there is power to return to a pure life, to be washed and cleansed in the pool of divine and human mercy, and to come up every whit whole.

We would recommend the ladies of Hope to read and ponder the following paragraph, containing a beautiful fact, that must make the very angels in heaven glad:

"At the present time Rev. Phoebe A. Hansford is laboring successfully in robbing the brothels of New Haven of their depraved inmates. She seems to enter upon this business with her whole soul, and is not afraid to

go wherever duty calls her. She has visited several places where ladies, as a general thing, would not dare to go; but she enters, and has never yet been insulted by anyone. She has been seen walking on the streets with fallen women, arm in arm, and heard pleading with them to turn from their wicked ways. Many of them have already taken shelter in the 'Home for the Friendless.'"

THE VALUE OF A VOTE.

A woman writes to one of our exchanges starting some grave doubts as to the efficacy of the ballot in solving the great social problems of the day. She says:

"The ballot would certainly decree the proper increase in pay, but would it insure the employment of females? Is there not a natural law by which a new class of laborers, entering on a given field, must first demonstrate efficiency, to a certainty, at lower rates than were given to the class they supersede. The well trained negro servants from the South worked for lower wages than were given to white foreigners, until their ability commanded higher rates. And now the Chinese are laboring for less compensation than negroes, until such a time as their superior excellence as artisans, workmen, and servants, is acknowledged by commensurate increase in pay."

Nobody ever pretended that women ought to have the same pay as men until they had demonstrated an equal degree of efficiency. Nobody ever asked that they should receive high wages for poor work. All we ask is the same pay for the same work—the same precisely in quantity and quality. If the ballot will decree the proper increase in pay, as this writer says it will, is not this sufficient inducement for us to strive to secure it? The pay of women once equalized with that of men, the employment of women must regulate itself in the same way that the employment of negro servants here in the North has done.

Our objector raises another point. She says we cannot vote away social evils; we cannot prevent women from rushing into profligacy and sin by casting a piece of paper in at the polls. Perhaps we cannot; and yet nobody has demonstrated conclusively that we cannot reach, by the direct or indirect influence of the ballot, this mighty and crying evil. Male voting has not yet been able to overthrow ginshops, or abolish drunkenness to any considerable extent; and yet nobody thinks male voting a vain thing.

We do not pretend that the earth will become a Paradise; that all the foul slums and terrible plague-spots will be cleansed away the moment woman gets a ballot in her hand; but we do believe that society in the mass will be radically improved. No plaster applied to the surface is of much avail. Prevention is better than cure. It is better to make men and women who cannot fall, who are braced all round by character, than it is even to set those who have fallen on their feet, and this is what our whole scheme, with the ballot-box for one of its agencies, proposes to do.

UNHAPPY WOMEN.

A writer in the Cincinnati *Chronicle* makes some very sensible remarks concerning a recent article in the *Phrenological Journal* called "What makes Women Unhappy." Our phrenological friend says he cannot help asking himself what it is that makes women so different, so much less happy than they were thirty or forty years ago? We answer that women are no more unhappy than they were then. Their discontent, if that is the name for it, has found expression, but it existed none the less

then, although they were dumb. It is a good sign for the unrest to break out on the surface, so to speak, for it was all there pent up in the breasts of women, else this grand upheaval never would have taken place.

Sick people become cross and peevish when they are getting well, and that is the case with women. They are recovering rapidly, and hundreds of women to-day are happier than their mothers or grandmothers ever dreamed of being, because they have won for themselves liberty and independence. Emerson says, though not in these exact words, that it is a blessed thing to know that our work is necessary to the gods. Heretofore many women have felt that they scarcely had any right to exist, for the world had nothing to put into their hands; but now they, too, are beginning to feel that their work may become necessary to the gods, and it is a glad, exultant emotion.

Nothing is ever changed for the better in this world without a great deal of complaining. We are glad to hear women complain in an enlightened spirit—not in a carping and fretful way—for it is a promise of improvement. Wholesome discontent is always a sign that things are going to be made better.

The article in the Cincinnati *Chronicle* to which we referred puts it thus:

"There is, undoubtedly, 'a depth of woe and misery little dreamed of by those who only see the surface of life,' but the 'unrest' manifested is no sure indication of an increase of unhappiness. This very unrest is an indication of the dawn of hope for relief. The insubordination of the slaves of the South did not prove that they suffered more, but that they had determined to change their condition. Fred. Douglass was never so happy during his servitude as when planning his escape. The present unrest of the working women, manifesting itself in the cry for a just remuneration for their labor, does not prove an increase of 'woe and misery' among them, but rather indicates that they have more time for thought, and opportunity for mental culture, which enables them to realize their position, and to portray the disadvantages from which they suffer, and thus keep their grievances before the people."

The Ladies' Art Association is making preparations for an exhibition of new works on the seventeenth of next month. The members have a very creditable collection of paintings in oil and water color, now exhibiting and for sale at the large studio, No. 20 Mercantile Library Building. Lovers of art, and seekers for holiday gifts will find the collection well worth a visit, both as an evidence of the progress of the lady artists, and as a *place* that may yield some choice and tasteful *souvenirs*.

The popular daughter of an ex-collector of New York, married last week, was the fortunate recipient of gifts valued, at the lowest estimate, at \$80,000. A country-seat on the Hudson, thoroughly furnished; carriages and horses; a check for \$10,000; a *riviere* of solitaire diamonds, and a coffee-pot of solid gold, for which the donors paid \$2,000, were among the most expensive presents; while jewels, laces, and articles of *virtu* are said to have poured in until there was no room for more.

If any reader of THE REVOLUTION would like to gladden the heart of its editor, and at the same time help the cause which this paper promotes, the best way to do so, at this season of the year, will be to take an envelop, put into it a two dollar bill, and send it as a year's subscription to this journal, addressed to THE REVOLUTION, Box 3093, New York.

THE PETITION OF THE FEMALE PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS.

The *Tribune* temporizes somewhat in its remarks on the petition which the female public school teachers of this city have presented to the Board of Education praying for an increase of salaries, on the ground that they do the same work for half the pay that men receive, while as many of the women teachers in our schools have relatives dependent on them as the male teachers have. They only ask that their wages may be raised from one-half to two-thirds of what the men receive; and to this just demand our city, through its official voice, makes answer that it cannot afford to increase the wages of those toilsome women teachers—cannot afford to do it, when Fisk and Tweed, and all the bloated crew, are gorging themselves freely at the municipal crib. We ask, if this is not the most telling commentary that could be made upon the corruptions of our city government. Behold William Tweed, with his fifty thousand dollar stable, and his millions piled up, at the cost of the citizens of New York, who submit to this outrage like dumb driven cattle, and then look at one of these hard worked, assiduous, faithful women teachers to whom the city says that it cannot afford to pay anything but a starvation price for the education of its children.

The Board of Education deserves at the hands of the *Tribune* a thorough drubbing; but that journal mildly says:

"The apparent injustice of which the teachers complain is due not so much perhaps to the Board of Education as to those social customs, laws and restrictions under which every community exists."

If the injustice under which these teachers smart is only apparent, we should like to know what in this world is real. We do not believe that society is held in its place by these and kindred wrongs, but that it exists in spite of them, and is crippled and hampered in its operations by that very reason. No laws or restrictions can be excused and winked at so long as they are cemented by oppression and injustice, and this the *Tribune* must know; but we are sorry to see it trying to invent the shadow of an excuse for the evils of which these women teachers complain.

SELF REVERENCE.

Fanny Fern says: "The silliest man who has ever lived has always known enough, when he says his prayers, to thank God that he wasn't born a woman."

The height to which men's gratitude rises for having been born man is a just gauge of the disabilities of womanhood. We cannot pay our Creator the very poor compliment of wishing we had been born a man. We believe the design of God was to make the estate of woman as fortunate as that of man—that the ideal man and woman stand on the same plane—as equal as the two halves of a sphere—in a condition where envy or jealousy of each other's state is absolutely impossible.

We cannot conceive of a woman seriously wishing to give up her womanhood to take on manhood. We love and revere the feminine element. It is just as good, just as noble, just as worthy of respect and honor, as the masculine element. The contempt with which it has been and is treated comes from the clogs and impediments which have retarded its progress. Woman ought to revere their own natures, and to comprehend that what they

complain of is not the nature itself, but abuses which the nature has suffered from the warping of conventionality and false education, the low and groveling ideas of its own worth.

Everything is tending to bring about the time when no woman will be so great a fool as to wish she had been born a man. Woman stock is rising. The apparently worthless thing that the world kicked in the dust has been picked up and found to be a jewel of price.

Womanhood is one manifestation of the divine in the human; manhood is another. We bow reverently before them both; but being woman, we know the sweet sanctities of a woman's soul; we know the great worth of woman's sweetness, purity, and love; we know what her mission ought to be in the world; we know that woman must get faith in herself, and be guarded and upheld by that faith. When woman is fully emancipated she will not vainly cry after man's nature.

Let us take the ground that womanhood is noble, excellent, and much to be desired. That it, therefore, has been derided and abused, and is now, for the first time in all the ages, to arise as a lovely and glorious ideal.

OUTRAGED MOTHERHOOD.

We heard the other day of a young mother who was converted to the woman cause by reading a pamphlet which had been placed in her hands, and which startled her into the knowledge that by the laws of the State where she lived she did not own her baby.

It is amazing that this bare, unvarnished fact does not of itself alone bring into our ranks all the mothers in the land. So long as the atrocious laws standing upon our statute books make the child the property of the father, motherhood is everywhere outraged. How can mothers, while clasping their babies to their bosoms, scorn the woman movement, when it seeks, before all things, to give them the control and ownership of their own offspring. They would not scorn it if they knew all the iniquity of the laws. An effort has been organized in Connecticut to lay the black record of the statute book before every mother in that State. It will be strange if it does not bear fruit, and raise up an army of mothers ready to fight for the ballot, that they may repeal the enactments which do them such deadly harm.

If there is any claim which God and nature mean shall be recognized, it is that sealed by the sacred anguish of maternity. How can the mothers in New Jersey, or any other State where these sins of the statute book are deepest and darkest, sit still and make no effort to wipe them forever away. How can they rest morning, noon, or night, while the law is able to clutch their little ones, as the law clutched little Percy MacFarland, and hand them over to a drunken, dissolute, even an insane father?

If the motherhood of the land rose up in its might to demand the abrogation of these unholy laws, the ballot might be in the hand of every woman entitled to its possession before another twelvemonth. Such a clamor would be raised around the ears of men by mothers which the law has the power to render childless, like Rachel when a voice of weeping was heard in Ramah, that they could not rest day nor night until they had done substantial justice.

When Napoleon the First inquired of a great woman what he should do to exalt France, she answered him substantially, "educate, enlighten the mothers." And now the demand is, enlighten the mothers. When the mothers are won all is won.

THE POWER OF THE BALLOT.

A writer for our paper, in an excellent and well-considered article dealing with the franchise, and the efforts women are now making to secure it, says:

"Probably a more excellent plan would have been to educate women up to the point of an apprehension of the increased cares, duties, and privileges of the franchise, to show them what the franchise has done, and what it has failed to do, in all ages, for the benefit of mankind."

Now this preparatory course of training, going back over all ages, does not seem to us necessary to demonstrate to the awakened mind of woman that the ballot is a good thing, and much to be desired. Our own nation is the most magnificent promise and fulfillment in one of what the ballot has done, and will do. Every schoolboy feels its might when election day comes round. The meagre fact that he will one day hold in his hand that magic piece of paper is the best training-school in which he can be placed. The knowledge that the ballot elects and ejects rulers, makes and unmakes laws, is our free college here in America; and the women of America will one day graduate from that grand university. In fact they have already passed through the introductory courses of instruction.

So great is the power of the ballot that we hold that nothing else could possibly have educated the women of our country up to the point which they have reached but the struggle for its attainment. Causes have been at work for the amelioration of woman ever since Christianity first shone over the world; but it was reserved for herself to assert her right to a voice in the government before her energies began to be quickened through their entire range.

Many people cannot see any close connection between suffrage and woman's elevation. They can perceive the flower, foliage, and fruit of the plant, but not the principle at work which makes the vital sap palpitate in every leaf. We boldly assert that the unfolding of the energies of woman, in the manifold directions which we now see, is allied as intimately to the effort to win the ballot as the growth of the plant is allied to the circulation of the sap.

The best human growth comes from reaching up to the highest ideal. The ballot is the highest ideal that has yet been placed before the mass of women. Carried to its ultimate, it demands strength, solidity, and steadfastness, such as never before have been required of the sex. The idea of free government, which means self-government, is perhaps the grandest idea ever conceived. The noblest energies of woman, in seizing it, have, Minerva-like, sprung fully armed into existence.

This to inform the unsophisticated reader that THE REVOLUTION expects every one of its friends immediately to send us the name of a new subscriber, with two dollars, in order to help us fight the good fight for next year.

—Kate Field was hissed the other night in Portland, for putting Dickens next to Shakespeare and miles above Scott.

TO THE READERS OF "THE REVOLUTION" IN CONNECTICUT.

DEAR FRIENDS: Our State Suffrage Association wish to put a tract entitled "Legal Disabilities of Married Women in Connecticut" into every reading family in the State during the month of December. To do this, it is necessary that some one woman in every town shall consent to receive a package of tracts by express, free of expense, and take charge of their distribution during the month. The package will also contain a circular letter making suggestions as to the best method of distribution, and as to other work proposed by the society which need not prove burdensome to any one. All women willing to receive the tracts on these terms will please send me their address immediately, and much oblige their friend and co-worker,

ISABELLA B. HOOKER.

P. S.—In case several names come from the same town, great good will be accomplished, as the society will thus be able to introduce workers to each other, who are now personally unacquainted, and soon a local committee will be established in every town in the State in direct communication with the parent Society.

WOMEN VOTING IN CANADA.

(From the Western Catholic of Detroit.)

It is astonishing that the Canadian precedent has not been quoted and more prominently urged forward by the advocates of suffrage reform. In Canada, according to a law adopted at the foundation of the public school system of the country, the right to vote was extended to all ratepayers. That is to say, every person who was taxed for the support of the common school had a right, in the proper district, to vote for school inspector, or, as they call the office, school trustee. Thus it came about that at this day, in every election which takes place in the Dominion of Canada, all widows or married women who pay taxes in their own right, or all spinsters who occupy the same position, are eligible to vote for school inspector. This is the law. As to its practical workings, on every occasion wherein a contest at the polls makes itself manifest, women proceed to vote without hindrance or molestation, and are treated with the greatest respect. This, too, in a state of society which does not show quite as much attention to ladies as our own, and which is something of a cross in that respect between American gallantry and John Bull boorishness. It is not certainly a greater sense of chivalry in regard to ladies which has caused the Canadians to act thus. The sex is indebted for their privilege to their strong sense of justice, and the universal respect for property, based upon the principle that they who pay taxes to build school-houses and to maintain them, of whichever sex, have a just right to a voice in their government. And we confess that we see no possible way of getting over it. American women ought to have as good a right to choose school-masters and school-houses as the women of the "Kanucks." Our women are famous the world over for their intelligence, and ought to have as good a hand in the education business as their sisters across the lines; and we must again express our wonder that Mrs. Stanton, et al., have not enlarged upon the fact. The Canadian precedent is surely a most powerful one.

We have given place to the above extract because it is a good statement of an interesting fact. But it is a fact well known to the readers of THE REVOLUTION. Our editorial friend of *The Western Catholic* has our thanks for bringing it to the attention of his own readers, and for the very excellent argument which he bases upon it. But if he thinks he has told us anything new in this instance, he has only brought coals to Newcastle.

"Maids want nothing but husbands," says the proverb, "and when they have them they want everything." And of course they ought to have THE REVOLUTION. They can get it for two dollars a year.

IMPORTANT DECISIONS.

The New York Court of Appeals has recently decided that a married woman can bind her separate property for the benefit of her husband by an indorsement upon an accommodation note to the following effect: "For value received, I hereby charge my individual property with the value of this note." The Judges of the Court below held that the indorsement was not sufficient, inasmuch as it did not specifically describe the property to be charged, and, besides, should have been drawn with all the formalities of a mortgage. The Court of Appeals, however, in reversing the decision, hold that a simple declaration in the indorsement is sufficient to charge the separate estate of a married woman, and that an ordinary action at law can be maintained on such indorsement.

The question whether a wife can sue her husband has been recently decided in an Iowa court. It seems that a husband borrowed one thousand dollars from his wife, and then deserted her. The wife sued to recover the money; the husband demurred on the ground that a wife cannot sue her husband. The Court overruled the demurrer, and gave damages for plaintiff in seven hundred dollars. No doubt this was a righteous decision, so far as it went. But if the decision be sound, was not the wife entitled to the full amount borrowed, with interest?

HOW A MAN PLAYS THE WOMAN.

One Alf Burnett, it seems, is attempting to caricature Olive Logan, and the failure of his laudable and dignified undertaking is, from all accounts, complete. He pitches his voice at a high falsetto, simpers and minces, and the next moment indulges in the most violent gestures, distorting his face with grins and grimaces. He mixes everything up in a disconnected jumble, reminding one forcibly of that celebrated character, "Mr. F.'s aunt," and ends in a maudlin strain about some dear creature's moustache, and the loves of other days.

Silly people laugh until their sides ache over this display, but wiser folks can see nothing in it to amuse them, and much to excite their contempt. There is not one touch of nature in the whole performance—not one look or gesture like the woman he pretends to imitate, or any other woman in existence. It is merely the exhibition of an indifferent actor's idea of the imbecility, foolishness, caprice, unreason and violent displays of temper of women in general.

If a woman, in attempting to delineate Wendell Phillips, should strut and swagger, use bad language, expectorate, and end by raving and tearing her hair, she would give about as perfect a picture of the great orator, as "Alf" gives of "Our Olive."

BE OF GOOD COURAGE.—It is impossible to say when diseases of the respiratory system are past remedy. Medical examinations are not conclusive in such cases. Whatever the physicians may say, there can be no harm in trying *Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar*, and there may be infinite good. One thing is certain, that no cough, cold, or bronchial affection can resist the salutary action of this wonderful preparation, unless consumption has actually set in. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents and \$1. The large size being the most economical for general use.

Miscellany.

THE AUTHOR OF JANE EYRE.

HOW SHE RETRATED HER SECRET.

A fragile form is now before my mind's eye, as distinctly as it was in reality more than twenty years ago. The slender figure is seated by a fire in the drawing-room of Mr. G. S., the publisher of a novel which had brought the authoress at one bound to the top of popular admiration. There has been a dinner party, and all the literary men whom the lady had expressed a wish to meet had been requested to respect the publisher's desire and the lady's desire that she should remain "unknown" as to her public position. Nobody was to know that she was the authoress of "Jane Eyre." She was simply Miss Bronte, on a visit to the family of her host.

The dinner party went off as gaily as could be expected where several people are afraid of each other without quite knowing why; and Miss Bronte, sat very modestly and rather on her guard, but quietly taking the measure of *les monstres dédaignés*, who were talking and taking wine, and sometimes bantering each other. Once only she issued from her shell, with brightening looks, when somebody made a slightly disparaging remark concerning the Duke of Wellington, for whom Miss Bronte declared she had the highest admiration; and she appeared quite ready to do battle with one gentleman who smilingly suggested that perhaps it was "because the Duke was an Irishman."

Now it should be premised that the writer of these papers had sent a presentation copy of a certain poem, addressed in complimentary, but very earnest terms to the "Author of Jane Eyre," the lady whose non de plume was "Currer Bell," and whose real name we were not to know. To this she had replied in a note which concludes with these words:

"How far the applause of critics had rewarded the author of 'Orion' I do not know; but I think the pleasure he enjoyed in its composition must have been a bounteous meed in itself. You could not, I imagine, have written that poem without at times deriving deep happiness from your work."

"With sincere thanks for the pleasure it has afforded me, I remain, dear sir,

"Yours faithfully, C. BELL."

On joining the ladies in the drawing-room our host requested the writer to take a seat beside Miss Bronte. The moment he did so she turned toward him with the most charming artlessness, exclaiming, "I was so much obliged to you, Mr. Horne, for sending me your —." She checked herself with an inward start, having thus at once exploded her Currer Bell secret by identifying herself with the author of "Jane Eyre." She looked embarrassed. "Ah, Miss Bronte," whispered the innocent cause of the not very serious misfortune, "you never would do for treasons and stratagems." She nodded acquiescently, but with a degree of vexation and self-reproach. Shortly after this, Mr. S., overhearing some conversation between us, which showed that the secret was out, took an early opportunity of calling me aside, when he extended both hands with *et tu Brute* look and began to complain of my breach of the general understanding. I, of course, explained what the lady had said, at the *naivete* of which he was not a little astonished and amused. — *Macmillan's Magazine*.

BABY FARMING.

(From the Manchester Women's Suffrage Journal.)

Margaret Waters was executed on the 11th inst. as a murderess. She had undertaken to bring up a number of illegitimate children, and they died under her care; for this she was condemned. Nobody accused her of poisoning or drowning the children, but they were simply suffered to die of inanition from the want of proper food and proper care, which was an impossibility for any one but a mother or a nurse to give them. Now, it ought to be a question for everybody to ask himself or her-

self—are the laws in reference to this case perfectly just? Because, if not, then each individual, for want of lifting up a voice against them, is guilty of being accessory to the murder of Margaret Waters. Doubtless she never expected them to live; and as statistics will tell that nine out of ten babies put out to nurse do not live, and her poverty drove her to make a trade of it. Now, no one could regard such a trade without horror, but what a pass of wretchedness must a woman be driven to before she could take up with it. She herself blames the parents of the children as the sole authors of their death; but, indeed, is it not rather the unjust laws which throw all the disgrace and burden of illegitimate children on the woman? Her character is gone; she has the child to keep and to get her own bread too. How can she do it? Even if helped to a situation she has to place her baby out, and ten to one it dies. I knew a young woman, a housemaid; while in one situation she got seduced under promise of marriage, and went home to her father to be confined. He was naturally very angry, as he had a large family of his own to bring up, and was a poor man. He was on the point, immediately after her confinement, of turning her on the streets, when a friend came forward, got her a situation, and so saved the girl. The baby was placed out and fed upon milk, but it did not thrive, though it was a fine baby. Eventually the girl's mother took compassion on it and brought it home, and did the best she could; but with ten children to see to, and no mother's love, it dwindled away and died. Now this is only one of thousands of cases, and the great, the solemn question, must be answered by our law-makers—What have they done to prevent this crying iniquity? What laws have they made to force the father to own his paternity, to pay adequately for the keep of the child? The reply must be—none at all; they let the seducer go free, consequently baby farming goes on, and the children die. Oh, ye lawgivers of England, who turn judgment to wormwood and leave off righteousness in the earth, think ye not that unless ye seek good, and not evil, ye will not be able to stand when God deals with you?

MAY A WIFE GET RID OF A DRUNKEN HUSBAND?

(From the Naahau Post, Iowa.)

McFarland, who shot Richardson, and escaped the gallows which he deserved, is now in jail as a common drunkard, just what he has always been. We suppose that there are plenty of people who believe that a wife has no right to relieve herself of such a wretch.—*Dubuque Daily Times*.

Why, bless your heart, of course there are thousands of such people. Only a few months ago a clergyman, in a public lecture in Nashua, denounced Mrs. McFarland in severe terms for her refusal to live with McFarland, and justified McFarland in his successful attempt to destroy her happiness. A wife a right to relieve herself of such a wretch! Of course she has no such right. Your question is but one remove from infidelity. The Bible says that the wife shall be subservient to her husband. That was the rule in the day of Moses, and it must be the rule now. That is the doctrine of the refined, intelligent nineteenth century. The McFarlands have an undoubted right to get drunk, become brutes, debase themselves, and abuse and degrade the wives they solemnly promised to love and protect. The Mrs. McFarlands have promised to cleave to their husbands, to obey their lords and masters, and they must do it. That's the law and gospel of the case, and we are surprised that our cotemporary should even inferentially give the world to understand that it believes that American wives have any rights which white men are bound to respect. Please be very discreet in your paragraphs, or on your devoted head will be poured the vials of wrath of those modern Hercules who have so often squelched the woman's rights movement by doses of Mosaic law and modern prejudice.

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A woman is a teacher in a school in which, for doing the same duty as a man, exercising the same skill as a man, and achieving the same success as a man, she gets only one-third as much salary as a man; and this unfairness of wages we aim to revolutionize.

A woman toils from Monday morning till Saturday night, earning a scanty living for a besotted husband and hungry children, and at the end of every week her wages become the property of a man who, instead of supporting her, is supported by her; and this legalized serfdom we aim to revolutionize.

A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman wishes to provide her children with a good education, but, in seeking to do so, discovers that though every ignorant man in the school-district has a voice in determining the school system, she herself has legally no influence whatever; and this unreasonable restriction we seek to revolutionize.

A woman is held to a strict account by society (as she ought to be) for personal purity of character, while, at the same time, public opinion holds out a hundred-fold more liberal pardon to the vices of men; and this unequal and degrading standard of morality we aim to revolutionize.

A woman loves her country, cherishes its institutions, rears her children to reverence its liberty, and is herself one of its most serviceable citizens, yet is denied her just suffrage in determining the laws by which she is governed, while every vagabond who sleeps in a gutter at night may be awakened in the morning, and carted as a citizen to the ballot-box; and this mockery of republican equality we seek to revolutionize.

Not to lengthen the catalogue of illustrations, we say in brief, that every law of the state, every limitation of wages, every inadequate system of education, every tyranny of custom, every equal conventionalism of society, and every other incubus which bears unjustly and injuriously on woman, to cripple her growth and hinder her progress;—any and every obstacle which prevents her realization of the high ideal to which God predestined woman by creating her soul for an immortal equality with man's;—all this we aim to revolutionize.

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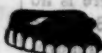
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